

THE
HISTORY
AND ADVENTURES
OF
LITTLE HENRY,
EXEMPLIFIED IN A
SERIES OF FIGURES.

London:

PRINTED FOR S. AND J. FULLER,
AT THE TEMPLE OF FANCY, RATHBONE PLACE,
*Where are also sold Books of Instruction in every
Branch of Drawing, Colours, and every re-
quisite used in Drawing.*

1810.

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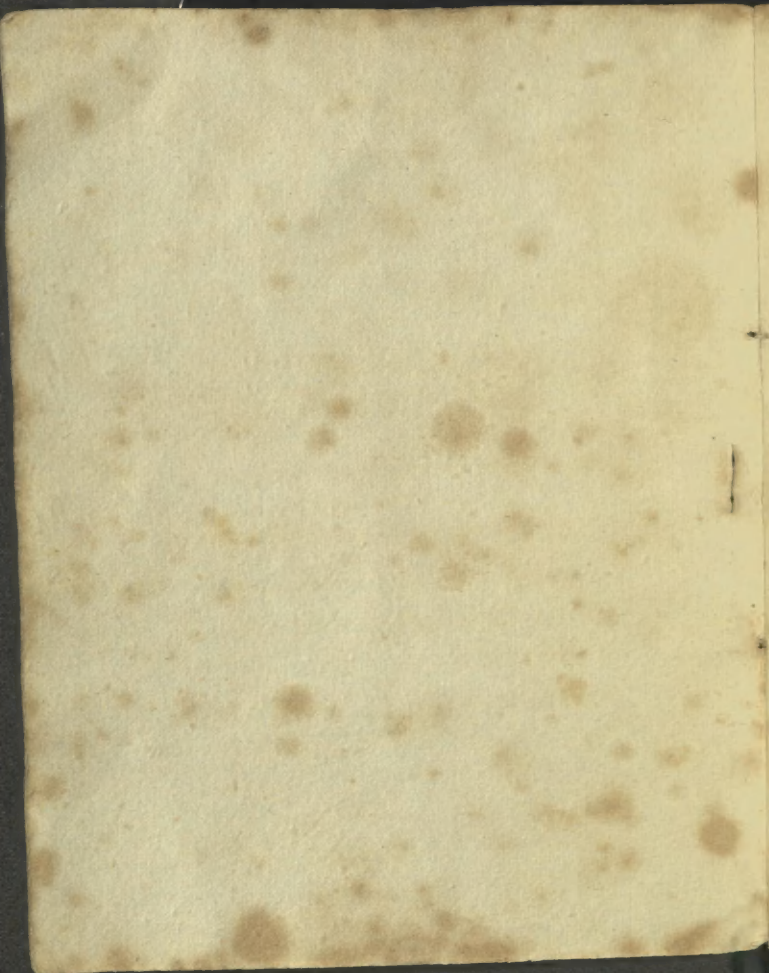
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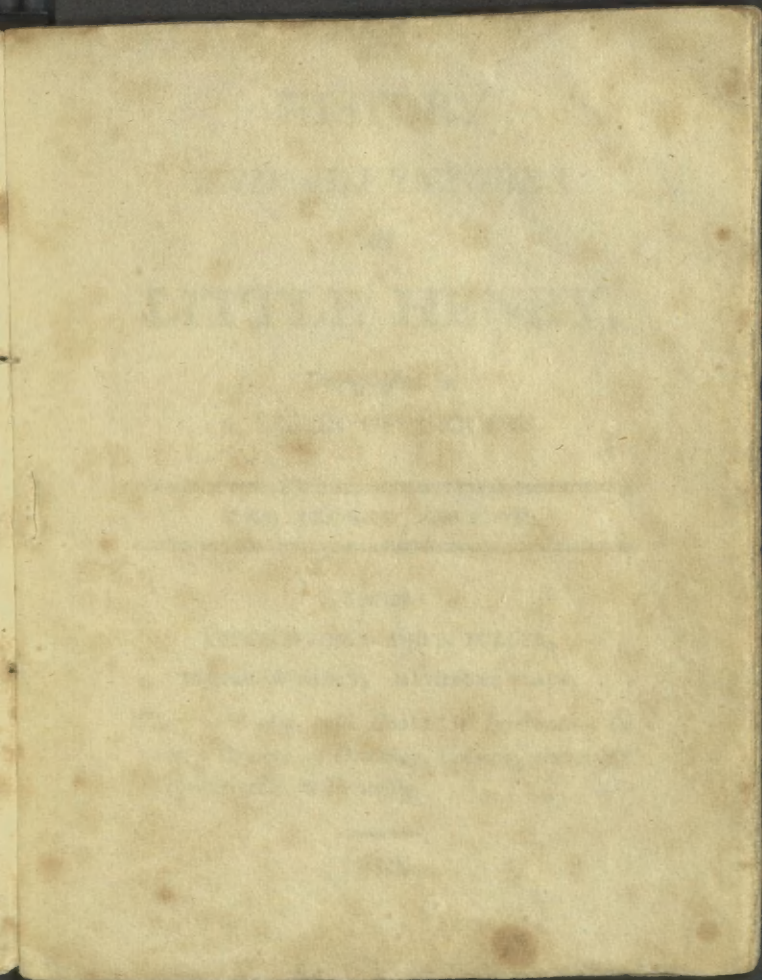
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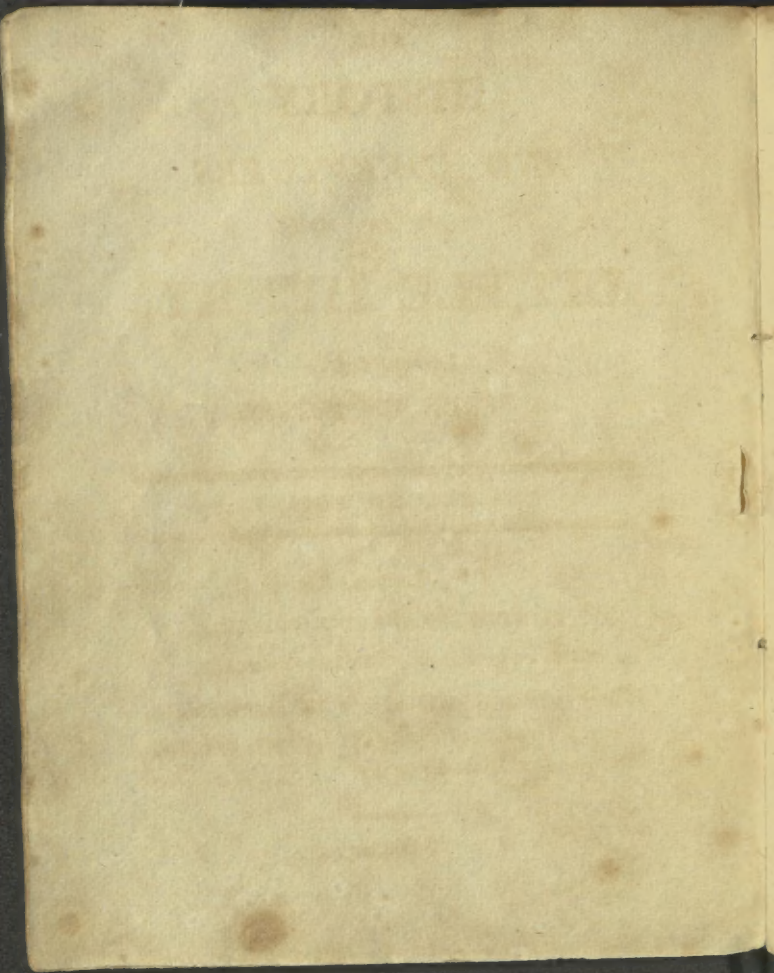
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D. N. SHURY, Printer,
Berwick-street, Soho.

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*Henry, carelessly left by his nursery-
maid, is stolen away by a gipsey.*

HENRY, a child of wealthy parents
born,

Whose limbs and face the Graces did
adorn,

An only child, its parents' daily boast,
Was by its maid, its careless guardian,
lost ;

Which shews that nursery maids should
well beware,

And watch the jewel trusted to their
care ;

The nursery maid, to idle habits prone,
Left on the grass the tender boy alone ;
A gipsey, watchful of the careless maid,
Stole to the grass plat where the child
was laid ;

In sweet seducing sounds the beldam
spoke,

Then rais'd the child and hid beneath
her cloak ;

Then off she runs, delighted with her
prize,

And stript it, spite of all its tender cries ;

Then clothes the pretty boy with rags
obscene,

And hides the beauties of his form and
mien.

The maid returning makes a piteous
moan,

In vain, for Henry was for ever gone.—

Now Mary, like one frantic, runs around,

But, ah! poor Henry is not to be
found;

She asks of every one, with sobs and
tears,

But no dear Henry to her sight ap-
pears;

Here, there, she runs, exclaiming loud
and wild,

“ Who, who hath stol’n the little dar-
ling child?”

But nought avail sad Mary's tears and
sighs,

For Fate the treasure to her arms de-
nies.

What must be done ? she dares not seek
her home,

And tell the infant's most unlucky
doom,

And say, " by my imprudence left alone,
" Your darling child is lost !—for ever
gone !"

No ; Mary conscious of her sad disgrace,
Shedding most bitter tears, deserts her
place ;

She roams, she knows not where, dis-
dains relief,

And, broken hearted, dies of pungent
grief !

But now to Henry's parents let us turn,
In deep distress, disconsolate they
mourn,

By day they weep, in sighs they pass
the night,

For what, alas! can yield their hearts
delight.

In every street and town the child is
cried,

But vain the search—discovery's denied.



Henry becomes a beggar boy.

See Henry breech'd, amidst the gipsy
band,

Prepar'd to beg a living through the
land ;

The little urchin whines from door to
door,

And tells a plaintive story o'er and o'er,
Who gains compassion by his artless
sighs,

And well his bag with meat and pence
supplies.

He is cruelly sold to a chimney sweeper

No longer now the gipsies Henry keep
But, wicked, sell him to a chimney
sweep,

Who orders him to take the sooty sack,
Then puts the dirty load upon his back ;
Now up the chimney see poor Henry go,
And wave his brush high o'er the mob
below ;

The mob behold him on the chimney
top,
And fear each moment that the boy will
drop.

Now with superior skill he beats away
His brush and shovel on the First of
May;

In Portman Square a deal of fame ac-
quires,

For Mistress Montague the youth ad-
mires.

But sick of scanty meals and frequent
lashes,

In quest of fortune off our hero dashes,
Leaves brush and shovel, cinders, sack
and soot,

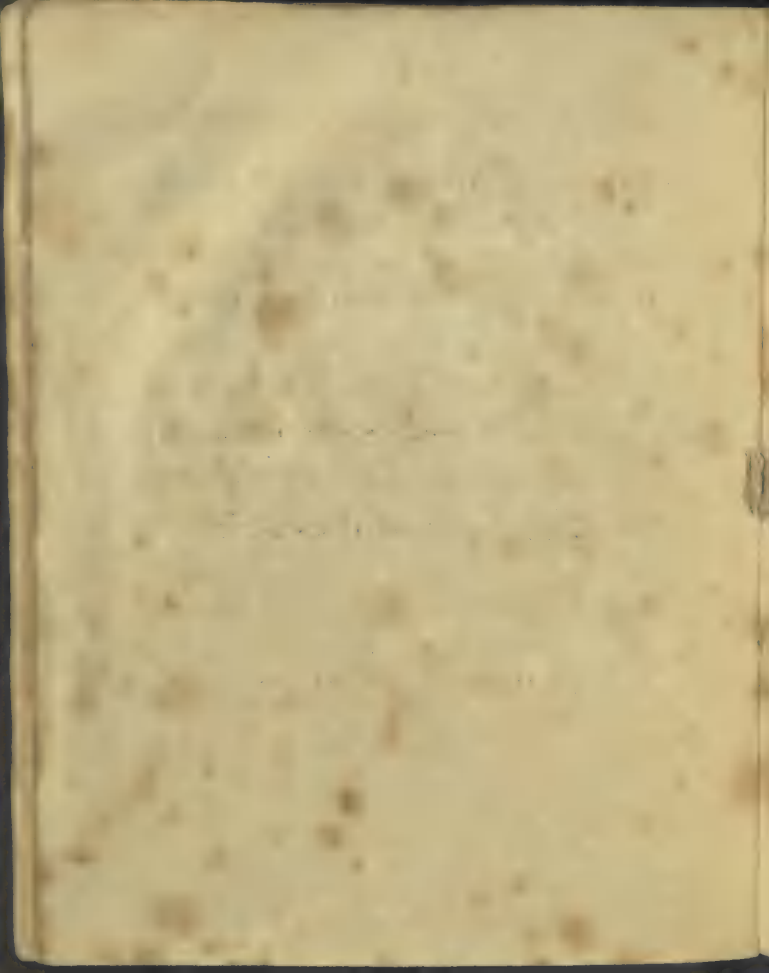
And quits his tyrant with a nimble foot.

*He runs away from his hard task master
and becomes a drummer.*

He now turns drummer to a soldier
band,

And shews a great dexterity of hand,
Oft mentioned by his major is his name,
And great becomes his regimental fame ;
But Henry now by brave ambition
fir'd,

With dub-a-dub and dull tattoo is tir'd.



*He quits the drum for a ship of war, and
becomes a sailor.*

Yet still resolves with patriot ardour
warm,

To save his country from a tyrant's arm,
He hopes in time to raise a nation's
wonder,

On Ocean's bosom 'midst the cannon's
thunder ;

To Gallic territories to advance,
Clip bold Napoleon's wings, and humble
France.

Now, in blue jacket and trim trowsers
drest,

Is Henry to his utmost wishes blest :
In many a battle now the youth is seen,
With fearless spirit, and with dauntless
mien,

Heedless of every danger, wounds and
scars,

He fills with admiration all the tars,
Who clasp him in their arms and see
display'd

A future NELSON in the gallant blade.
Lik'd by the captain, Henry soon with
joy

Beholds himself a little cabin boy ;
Now to the wardroom oft the stripling
goes,

And much of wit, and much of humour shows ;

The officers attend him with delight,
And wine and biscuit oft his fun requite.

*He obtains by his spirit the rank of mid-
shipman.*

The captain marks the youthful hero's
spirit,

Makes him a midshipman—reward of
merit ;

Now on the quarter deck behold he
stands,

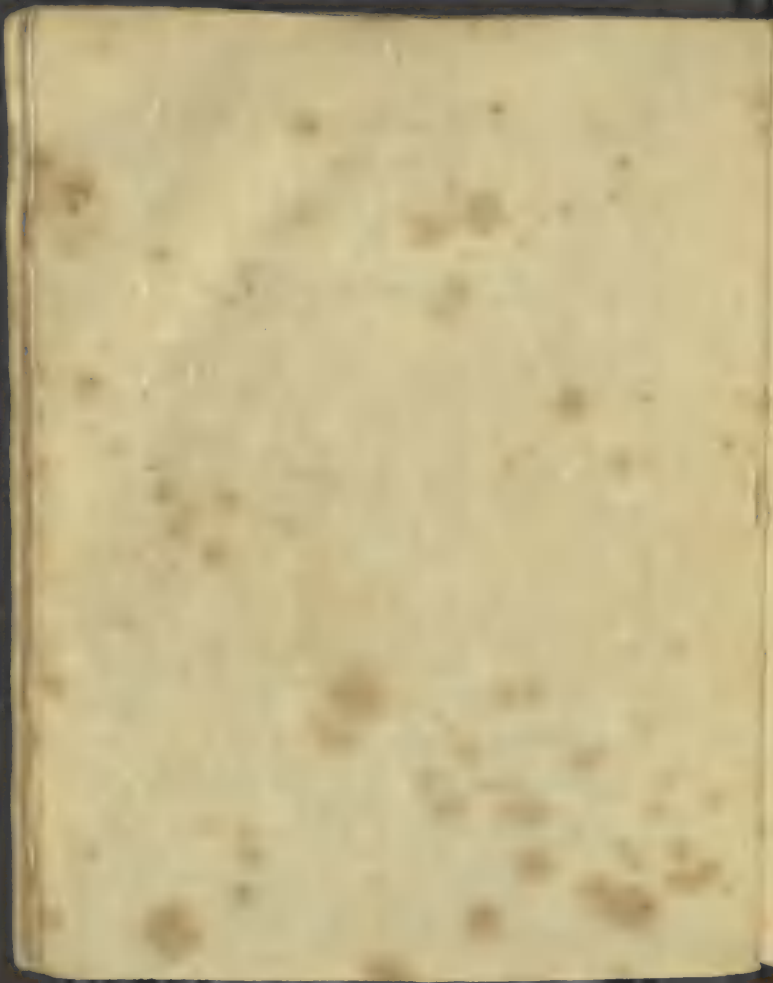
Wields his rattan and issues his com-
mands ;

Yet strikes not wantonly an honest tar,
Because his rank is higher in the war ;
The generous heart disdains to give a
blow

Unmerited, to men, however low ;

The noble mind to merit opes the door,

'Tis cowards only that insult the poor.



*He performs prodigies of bravery to the
admiration of the whole crew.*

Increasing now in stature, strength, and
age,

He leads the boats in battle to engage,
And takes, in spite of all the thund'ring
forts,

Ships with rich cargoes from the Gallic
ports ;

Thus loading, by atchievements brave
and bold,

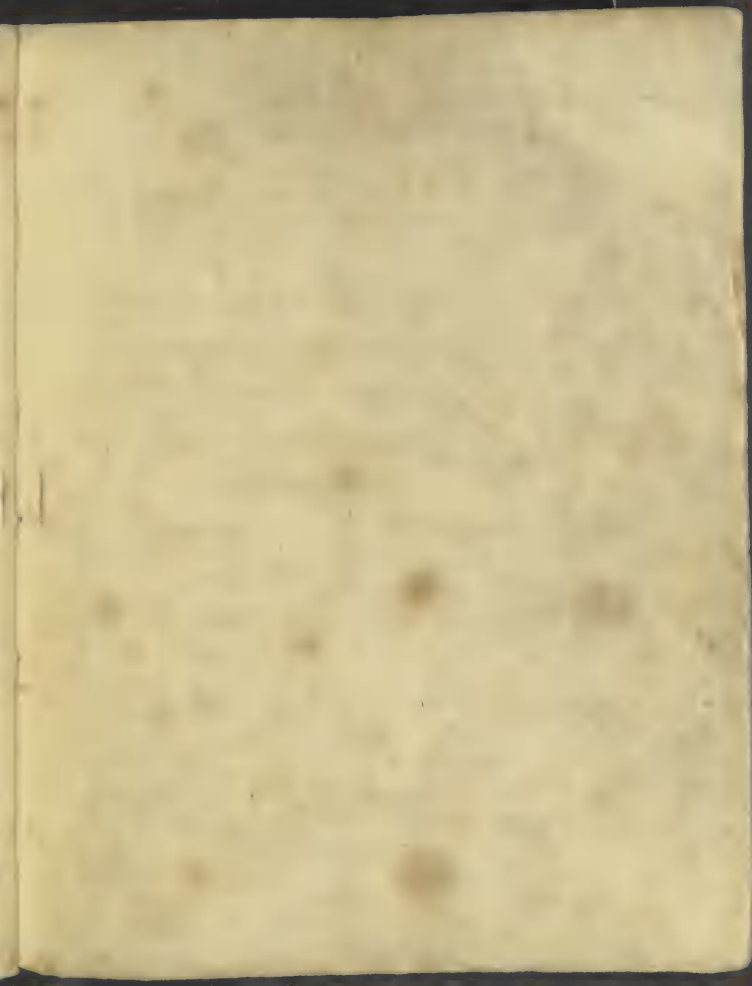
His brows with laurels, and his purse
with gold.

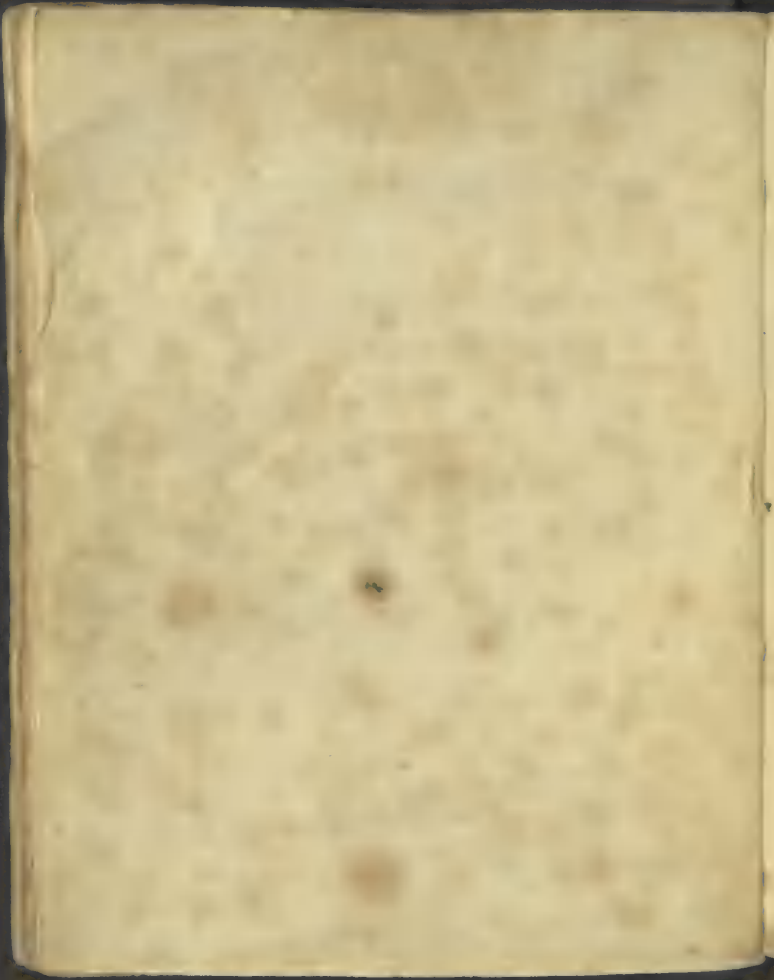
At last dame Fortune on his parents
smiles,

Who, after various cares and various
toils,

Find out the ship which Henry's talents
 grace,
And once more hold him in their fond
 embrace.

FINIS.







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